MEMORY'S SONG.

From Macmillan's Magazine. **Causa fui Puler his."—Hor.

The earth east off her snowy shrouds,
And overhead the skies
Looked down between the soft white clouds,
As blue as children's eyes:

The breath of spring was all too sweet, she said,
Too like the spring that came ere he was dead.

The grass began to grow that day,
The flowers awoke from sleep,
And round her did the sunbeams play
Till she was fain to weep.
The light will surely blind my eyes, she said,
It shines so brightly still, yet he is dead.

The buds grow glossy in the sun
On many a leadless tree,
The little brooks did laugh and run
With most melodious glee.
O God! they make a jocund noise, she said,
All things forget him now that he is dead.

The wind had from the almond flung
Red blossoms round her feet,
On hazel-boughs the catkins hung.
The willow blooms grew sweet—
Palm willows, fragrant with the spring, she said,
He always found the first;—but he is dead.

He always found the first;—but he is dead.

Right golden was the crocus flame,
And, touched with purest green,
The small white flower of stainless name,
Above the ground was seen.
He used to love the white and gold, she said;
The snewdrops come again, and he is dead.

I would not wish him back, she cried,
In this dark world of pain.
For him the joys of life abide,
For me its griefs remain.
I would not wish him back again, she said,
But spring is hard to bear now he is dead. A. M.

A BISHOP'S CONFESSION:

'Before you can be chesen as a missionary you must pass tarough an ordeal which will try whether you have every sort of courage—the physical and the moral.'

These were the words which the General of the Franciscans bad spoken to the young Franch monk. Brether Euphrasius, when the latter had applied to be sent as a missionary to China; and as the two were alone in the confessional, the good but shrewd old man added gently: 'I have watched you. Euphrasius, and love you as a son; that is why I should like you to know yourself. You are not an ordinary monk, for you were a soldier, and I believe a brave one, before joining us; but it was a love disappointment which drove you into the Church, and that was weakness. A man of true moral courage would have remained in the world to bear his misery and do his duty in that state of life which he had adopted. You would have served Christ as well in the camp as in the cloister. Have you thought of this! Have you ever asked yourself whether it was not your wounded vanity, and, in part, a spirit of vindictiveness that sent you amongst us?

'It may be,' answered Euphrasius after a panse, He was kneeling with his arms crossed and his head

amongst us! 'It may be,' answered Euphrasius after a panae. He was kneeling with his arms crossed and his head bent in an attutude of the lowliest submission. 'Father,' he continued, making his full confession in a sob, 'I cannot drive her out of my mind-I

in a sob, 'I cannot drive her out of my mind—I cannot.'

'That's it,' said the old man in a still gentler tone than before. 'And you have been guided in almost all that you have done an' now want to do by the desire of being revenged on her. You could not endure to live in the world and see her happy with another man. You said to yourself: "I will plant a thorn in her breast; I will show her how she has wrecked my life." Perhans you are aspiring to the marty's crown, in order that hearing how you died she may give back to you some of the love which now eight to belong wholly to her husband.

'God forgive me: it is all true,' murmured the young monk in abject contrition, as he trembled in every limb.

'Well, pray God to move you with a purer spirit,' said the Father. 'It is but two years since you be

'God forgive me: it is all true,' murmarred the young menk in abject contrition, as he trembled in every limb.

'Well, pray God to move 'you with a purer spirit,' said the Father. 'It is but two years since you be came a priest, and one only since you joined our brotherhood, and yet already the monotony of clois ter life is beginning to pall upon you. The adventarousness and perils of a missionary's life tempt your mind; you cannot bear to end your days in elseurity, praying for yourself and for her whom you have lost. Yet recollect, my son, that your love as it burns now in your breast is deadly sin. If you could bear to become contemptible in the cyes of this woman so that she might never repent having chosen your rival, if you could do something to give her full peace at the cost of your own pride, then your love would be good indeed, and sweet in God's sight, sweet in her's, too, when she came to know of it by and by in Heaven.'

'I will pray for strength, Father, faltered Euphrasius, almost thaudibly. Then he remained on his knees for some minutes longer, till, having received absolution for the sins he had confessed, he arose and walked off slowly to his cell.

As there are many forms of human weakness, so the methods of probation must be many and divers. Some have to be tested in the self-demal of creature comforts, some in endurance and temper, some in physical bravery. On these points there seemed to be not much need for trying Brother Euphrasins, who was abstemious as an anchorite, strong in body, and impervious to heat or cold; mild in temper; and as regards courage, a soldier who had been decorated for valor on the battle-field. Heari de Garderoy, as his name was in the world, had been one of the most dashing officers in the

had been decorated for valor on the battle-field. Henri de Garderoy, as his name was in the world, had been one of the most dashing officers in the French army. He had won his captain's epaulets in the Crimea; but then coming home, he had learned that the girl to whom he had plighted his love had, during his absence, become affianced to another man. The blow had well nigh driven him mad. Angele de Monteroix, the young lady in question, was of high birth, beautiful, fascinating, and gifted in many ways. Henri would have staked

mad. Angele de Monteroix, the young lady in question, was of high birth, beautiful, fascinating, and gifted in many ways. Henri would have staked his life on her consiancy; and yet, in spite of her plighted troth, and even as he was risking his life in war, winning laurels which were only precious to him because he hoped to lay them at her feet, even then she was untrue to him and gave her hand to a man of no great merit, all for money!

The contempt he felt for the girl who had betrayed him did not serve to cure Henri of his love. Angele appeared to be indifferent to his reproaches. At the one interview which they had after his return she offered no excuses for her conduct; she told him that her love for him was dead, and she bowed her head to his scorn; but this did not wipe out her image from his heart. He lost all pleasure in his career and left the service, to go and wander in an aimless way over the world. Whilst on his travels he read in the papers of Angele's marriage to her new lover, the Baron de Rosenheim, a banker nearly twenty years older than herself, and soon afterward he learned that she was becoming one of the gayest leaders of fashion in Paris. Thereupon he returned to France, capitalized his fortane, and entered a seminary to study for priest's orders. Angele had been callous to the lustre of his military glory, he would now shame her by his renunciation of all worldly things, and be constant to her in the enforced celibacy of priesthood. Such were the thoughts uppermost in his mind when he prepared for ordination; such were the thoughts which still inspired him when, a year after taking priest's full toniers, he gave up all he possessed to the Franciscan order and assumed the brown cowl and sandals. Trady, by that time there was no more in him of faucor, as men nually understand rancer. He prayed morning and night that Angele might be happy, but the General of his order had rightly divined that his wound was not healed, and that the sentiments he cherished toward his faithless love, generous generous as they might seem to men, would to the scrutinizing eye of God appear vindictiveness, and petty vindictiveness, too. It is not enough that we should pardon those who wrong us; we must so pardon as to make the forgiveness casy and comforting to receive.

Bother Euphrasins understood this after the fatherly chiding he had received from his superior; but he could not cease to love, and so long as his love retained any earthly element it must remain wheeleville.

but he could not cease to love, and so long as his love retained any earthly element it must remain mixed with human resentments.

Of course he knew nothing of what Angele was doing. She had been married some years now, and in the secluded Norman monastery where he resided no news of the outer world ever penetrated. Euphrasius spent his days in prayer and study. He was permitted to learn the Chinese language, and diligently did so, but without knowing whether his application to be enrolled as a missionary would ever be granted. The Father Superior purposely kept him in ignorance on this point. A whole year passed and Euphrasius did not again prefer his request, nor did the Father Superior himself allude to it. But the young friar was learning patience at a goed school, and gradually, as he devoted himself to his books, his mind grew calmer and his spirit was soothed. He began to see his position in a clearer light, and understanding that this earthly life is a short one, to feel that the other and better life beyond this is worth striving for at any cost.

About eighteen months after Euphrasius had con-

About eighteen months after Euphrasius had con-

About eighteen months after Euphrasius had confessed himself to his superior as above recorded, the father entered his cell one day and abruptly said, 'Euphrasius, are you still in the same mind about going to China?'

'Yes, Father,' was all the young friar could say, but he turned crimson.

'Then you shall go and spend a few months at the Foreign Mission College in Paris, where you will be instructed in your duties. Be a good servant of the Church, my son.'

'I will try, Father.'

'I would not make you vain, Euphrasius,' continued the old man, laying a kind hand on the young man's shoulder, 'but remember that you are one of those to whom much has been given and of whom mach will be required; the trials that will be sent to test the fortitude of other missionaries may seem no trials at all to you; but you will have your temptations too. God tries each according to his strength, but not above his strength, recollect that.'

'Father, if I am to die in my work, let your blessing be with me, 'said Euphrasius as he knelt down.

'I do not think you will die, my son,' said the Euperior when he had given his blessing;' presumptions as it may seem that I should try to predict the ways of the Almighty, I yet do not believe that le will take from you a life for which you appear a transition.

May you be satisfied with my work when I next meet you, Pather.'

1 believe I shall be, Euphrasius', said the old man; 'I must not grudge you the confidence you deserve. I look upon you as one of the elect upon whom God has set his seal for the most difficult of labors that are to be performed here below. Go, striving to be worthy of your election, and come back to me with peace in your heart."

Brether Euphrasius had certainly peace in his heart at that moment, as he listened to the exhortation of a man whom he revered; and he went to Paris that day with a thankful mind.

Thereier Emphrasion hold certainly peace in this beart of that moment, and who for in the wort for the tast day with a thankful mind.

H. While Exphrasions was preparing those of for the reader of a binsion way appeared the love being was as the deseate monk suspected it, she hord him as a the deseate monk suspected it, she hord him as a the deseate monk suspected it, she hord him as a the deseate monk suspected it, she hord him as a the deseate monk suspected it, she hord him as a the deseate monk suspected it, she hord him as a the deseate monk suspected it, she hord him as a the deseate monk suspected it, she hord him as a the deseate monk suspected it, she hord him as a deet 'a she hold her it and be a suspected it is a bin and the hord him as a bin and her thankful manufal him on the hord him as a bin and the hord him and her thankful manufal hid on headanded its recommend the foreign and the hord him and him on headanded its recommend the foreign and her thankful manufal hid on headanded its recommend that he had not been conspicilled to account the summarial hid printer, and she had been conspiciled to accretise the count of a summarial hid printer, and she had been conspiciled to accretise the count of a summarial hid printer, and she had been conspiciled to accretise the count of a summarial hid printer, and she had been a constitution of the count of the

One morning, when Angele had been breakfasting with her husband and children, the Haron, looking at his watch, said, 'I shall not go to the office just yet, for I expect the visit of two monks, brothers of the Church Mission, who are coming to me for my yearly subscription.'

'How much do you give! asked Angele, whose attention was not yet quite awakened to the subject.

'A thousand frames generally.'

'And do the monks always come for the money themselves!'

'Yes, it's their rule, I believe. The Superior of the Missionary College writes to me that the two friars whom I expect are going to China, and will take my subscription toward their expenses from our hands, "and!—as he adds—"leave a blessing on our house."'

'Does the Superior say to what order these monks

whose confessional she ordinarily attended.
The morning when Anaples had been ireas/fasting the watch, said, I shall not go to the office just yet, for I expect the visit of two mones, borders of the Church Missens, who are coming to me for my.

They much do you give? waked Anaple, whose attention was not yet unite awakened to the subject.

And do the mones always come for the money the messive.

And do the mones always come for the meney the messive.

And do the mones always come for the meney the messive of the subject of t

'Thank you, said the banker; 'when do you sail, brother i'
'In about a week.'
'And your young friend is going with you?'
'Yes, we are to be companions. Speak up for yourself, Euphrasius.'
'Up to this moment Angele, who stood with heaving breast, had said nothing. Her children were clinging to her as if frightened, and she could find ne words to reassure them. She was trembling, and feit ashamed, for as her eye wandered from Henrioh, how changed from former times into the finery around her, she thought she could read what was passing in his mind. There was he barefooted, clad in serge, and wasted by long privations, whilst she

intervened.

'My brother, let your blessing rest on my children,' she faltered, gliding forward, and holding her children by the hand.
'God's peace be upon them? said Euphrasius, lifting three fingers of his hand, but still speaking very fow and avoiding Angele's glance.
'And on me, brother, and on my husband..."
'And on you, lady, and on your husband,' continued the monk gently.
Angele had sunk to his knees and lowered her head. When she raised it the two friars were altered youe, and it was her husband who assisted her for rise.

in part my doing though we shall, alas! be separated."

I'Why should we be separated I asked Euphrasins. Then, when he had laid his hands on his friend, and assisted him to rise—when he had also appeased the tumult that had arisen in the school-room by dismissing all his cheering, halloong little ptplis for a half-holiday (after they, too, had clustered round him for a blessing)—then he sa, down, in considerable agitation, to read the instructions that had been forwarded to him from Rome along with his letters of appointment. The document stated that, owing to reports which had come to Rome (they could only have been sout by Babolinus) of Euphrasius's real, courage and piety, owing also to the success of his labors as a missionary, it had been resolved.

revelled in rich attire and plenty. She wished she had been clothed in rags sooner than in these rustling stuffs which seemed to mock his niter poverty. Where would be the use of kneeling at his feet now to make her shrift? Would be ever believe in her repentance now that he had seen her apparently in the full sunshine of domestic bliss, and her husband giving alms to him?

But the banker was speaking to Euphrasius.

Dear me, sir, he said, it seems to me that I have met you before. You remind me strangely of a brave young officer whom I once knew very slightly, Henri de Garderoy.

Such was my name once, replied the young monk in a low voice.

What, the hero of the Redan? And now you are a monk! Well, I won't say there's anything amiss in that; but yet I hope, brother, you have not been banished from the world by serrows?

Thave never felt any wish to return to the world, was Euphrasius's evasive answer, and the banker, feeling he had been indiscreet, desisted from further questions. But at that moment Angele intervened.

My brother, let your blessing rest on my chil-

be designed of such as man was more than she could be the comparison of the comparis

tion. 'And to think, my son, that it was you who planted it in the bosoms of the women and children who are now with the angels.'

But Rigobert died well, too,' cried the Bishop, proceeding with his solilogny. 'Oh, yes, right well, like a man.' Then a shudder passed over him. 'You have heard of Rigobert, Father! He was the publican whose conduct led to the massacre. Well, they brought him a crucifix and said to him, "Spit on it," not doubting that he would. He refused. They forced it to his lips, and he kissed it. "I shall not buy my life by debasing myself at your bidding. Besides, my old mother used to pray to the crucifix, and I kiss it for her sake." Those were the words which this publican and sinner uttered, and died for them. Can you realize that, Father!

The Bishop had raised his voice, and now stood up with a flashing glamour in his eyes, and a shiver shaking his whole body. The Superior trembled, to see him in such agitation, and endeavored to soothe him. 'He sure, my son, that God has had mercy on this unhappy man, and received him as He did the pentient thief.

'Yes, I believe that,' faltered the Bishop; 'but on Father, if you could snow what is on my mind.'

pliment in believing me thus readily.

'The bishopric should have come to you, Babolinus. Leculd well afford to wait, said Euphrasius, sincerely meaning what he said.

'No, Father; I am an old man, having none of your genius, and I should have made a poor bishop.' Then, with a good-humored twinkle in his eye, 'But now, Father, you will be better armed against the lices than I, for you will have a crosier to defend yourself with.

'Why, the bons who were to relieve the monotony of our existence—the lions who were to come under the form of new trials to test our strength and faith.'

'Ah! yow,' answered Euphrasius as absently again, and he did not smile at the joke.

Poor Euphrasius! his ambition would have been cruelly curbed if he could have known that he excel his bishopric mainly, if not solely, to the amilining to with Angele and her hosbane had made with the French Government and with the Valican on his behalf. The kindly offices of the good Bainsing with have gone but a small way toward getting him a mitre.

'The bishopric should have gone but a small way toward try and believe that,' faltered the Bishop; 'but oh, Father, if you could know what is on my mind,' and burying his head in his hands he burst into the Father, if you could know what is on my mind,' and burying his head in his hands he burst into the Father, if you could know what is on my mind,' and burying his head in his hands he burst into the Father, if you could know what is on my mind,' and burying his head in his hands he burst into the Father, if you could know what is on my mind,' and burying his head in his hands he burst into the Father, if you could know what is on my mind,' and burying his head in his hands he burst into the Father, if you could know hat is on my mind,' and burying his head in his hands he burst into the Father, if you could know hat is on my mind,' and burying his head in his hands he burst into the Father, if you could know hith he ach ill, he aman.

Hesopourned in his hat,' faltered the Bishop.'

Hesopourned in his

V.

The Sunday had come when the Bishop of Sciho was to preach before the Court. The frivolous society of the Second Empire had its gayest and faired representatives packed in the handsome but small chapel of the Tinleries, where scarcely standing room could be found for statesmen, senators and foreign ambassadors who were crowded into all the corners. The Emperor was present, enseened in his armediair, and stroking his mustache with a reflective look; the Empersa was there, too, and the Prince Imperial; and the Empress, with a true Spaniard's fervor, learned forward and signed herself as the martyr-bishop passed her, preceded by the verger, on his way from the altar to the pulpit. It is not easy to preach before a Court, so many are

med to leave, and the whole throng of confliers, and fair women bent low be-he went out. If ever there was a man nave lasted at that moment the full cup-ulting from earthly triumphs, it was

tion, expressing his conviction that his friend had fallen into trouble, and that the scoper he could manage to get out of it the better. He bade him remember that domestic troubles from his wife's temper would soon destroy his literary talent, and that, after a brilliant debut, he would sink to nothing, and that, from what he had already hea, d, he should think that there would be found sufficient motives for separation, and that he would assist him in the plea by every means in his power. "I shall never dare to propose such a step," meaned the husband in a desouairing tone. "Oh, leave her to me; let me talk to her," said Disraeli, confidently. "I have never yet been defented by any woman."

At this moment the folding doors of the drawing room burst open with wrath, and before the speakers stood the enraged wife in her nightgown, with her hair dishevelled and a daugrenus fire in her eyes. The room adjoining was her bedroom. She had heard every word of the conversation and rushed like a fury to the defence of her domestic hearth. With a shrill battle-cry she rushed upon the enemy, and seizing the back of the chair on which he was seated drew it from under him as the most expeditious way of inducing him to obey the mete summons to depart, only indicated by pointing with her finger to the door; she was sufficeated by rage, and could not utter a syllable. The intruder, on his side, was so completely overcome by astonishment that, after remaining transfixed for a moment, he made one bound toward the door, and vanished without the utterance of a single word.

GEORGE ELIOTS YOUTH.

Edita Sincex in The Nineteenth Century.

Somewhere about 1827 a friendly neighbor lend
"Waverley" to an elder sister of little Mary Evans.
It was refurned before the child had read to the
end, and in her distress at the loss of the fascinating
volume she began to write out the story as far as
she had read it for herself, beginning maturally
where the story begins with Waverley's adventures
at Tully Veolan, and continuing until the surprised
clders were moved to get her the book again. Elia
divided her childish allegiance with Scott, and she remembered fastening with singular pleasure upon
an extract in some stray almanus from the essay in
commemoration of "Captain Jackson," and his
"slender ration of single Gloncester," and proverbs
in praise of cheese-rind. This is an extreme example of the general rule that a wise child's taste in
literature is sounder than adults generally venture
to believe.

Not many years later we may imagine her a growing girl at school. Almost on the outskirts of the
old town of Coventry, toward the railway station,
the house may still be seen, itself an old-inshinned,
five-windowed Queen Anne sort of dwelling, with a
shell-shaped cornice over the door, with an old trabered cottage facing it, and near adjoining a quaint
brick-and-timber building, with an oriel window
thrown out upon oak piliars. Between forty and
the name of "little mamma," given by her schoolfellows, is a proof that already semething was to be
seen of the maternal air which characterized her in
later years, and, perhaps more especially in intercourse with her lown sex. Prayer-meetings were in
vogue among the girls, following the example of
their elders, and while taking no doubt a leading part
in these, she used to suffer much self-reproach about
her coldness and inability to be carried away with

the same enthusiasm as others. At the same time nothing was further from her nature than any sceptical inclination, and she used to pounce with avidity upon any appreach to argumentative theology within her reach, carrying Paley's "Evidences" up to her bedroom, and devouring it as she lay upon the floor alone.

A mind like hers must have preved disastronsly upon itself during the years of comparative solitude in which she lived at Foleshull, had it not been for that inexhaustible source of delight in every kind of intellectual acquisition. Languages, music, hierature, science and philosophy interested her alike: it was early in this period that in the course of a walk with a friend she paused and clusped 'er hands with a wild assiration that she might live "to reconcile the philosophy of Locke and Kant!" Years afterward she remembered the very turn of the road where she had spoken it.

Before she was twenty she wrote verses like other youths, but the silence as to original production! which lasted more than lifteen years after that date was owing to a characteristic mixture of intense ambition and difficence. She did not choose herself, indeed she thought it wrong to

built the world's sense with medicerity, and she was resolved to do nothing except the homely datics she held sacred unless she could do homely datics she held sacred unless she could do what was excellent. The translation of Strauss and the translation of Spinoza's "Ethics" were undertaken, not by her own choice but at the call of greation broke up and filed into the safety less the palace. Here the Bishop presared, led by one of the Almoners in to make his bow to the Emperor before v. Napoleon III., with the Empress and Imperal by his side, approached the diung the collar of the Legon of Honer utship round his neck then thrust his appeintment as lishop of St. Cloud into aving, 'Monseigneur, we shall all remembers than that of its author; and critics who task

Hace you preced to night, Destending a THE SISTER.

What sils, what alls you so, my brothers, That thus you bend your brows in care!
Like lamps functeal darkness smothers, The glances from your eyelids glare.
Your belts hang all unlossed around you, Aircady three have leapt in play The falchion blades wherewith you have bound you Half glancing from their sheaths away.

THE ELDEST BROTHER. Have you not lifted up that veil of yours to-day ? THE SISTER.

THE SISTER.

My lords, returning from the bath, my brothers,
My lords, returning from the bath,
Hidden from gaze of Giaours and others
—The rough Albanians—in my path,
Just as I passed the mesque, I mind me,
In mine uncovered palanquin,
I loosed the swathing folds that bind me,
And let warm airs of needday in.

THE SECOND BROTHER.

A man passed then? a man in caftan dyed with green

THE SISTER.

The very like; but all his boldness. Has never seen my features bare. But look, you speak with tones of coldness, With coloniesseyou are muttering there. Must you have blood! I swear that no man Could see—yes, by your souls I am right. Pardon! my brothers, shield a woman. Who stands so helpless in your sight!

THE THIED BROTHER. Methinks the sun was red at sunsetting to night

THE SISTER. Tardon! what have I done! Oh, pardon!
God! there are four wounds in my side!
Nay! by your knees I fail thus hard on.
My veil! my weil so white and wide!
Fly not my hands this blood is staining!
Brothers, assist my faltering breath:
Across mine eyes whose glance is waning
Extends itself the pail of death.

THE POURTH BROTHER, A veil at least is that, no hand upgathereth

Victor Hego, BISMARCK'S ESCAPE FROM DEATH,

"Love me to the end, said Angele, 'but with a better and purer leve than before. Love my child ren and insistand, and romain among us to preach to us the sad trails of the weak, and the hopes that renam to them when they have been tired above their strength." I could have had no peace, Angele,' said the fisher with a desired that the sadvent had a not read to think of me as better than land the shy out to teel it."

'I have you better than ever,' answered Angele chaping her hands, 'but our love can be that of a sister and brother. Is your conscience clear had to the with the homoceth to all others who have looked upon me as a hero. I must confess my infamy everywhere.

'No,' replied Angele ecstatically, 'you ment not cause scandal in the Church. Ind have confessed to me, let that be enough. So hear yourself in furre that you shall have nothing more to confess. I give you absolution.

A STORY OF DISEAELL.

Prom The Birmingham Prot.

They say that the large bunch of hot-house flowers which arrived from a distance on the night before the interment was sould Lord Reaconabled had been miteranent was sould Lord Reaconabled had been the interment was sould Lord Reaconabled had been the interment was sould Lord Reaconabled had been the interment was sould Lord Reaconabled had been the head of the kneeling lishop.—(The Cornhill.)

A STORY OF DISEAELL.

They say that the large bunch of hot-house flowers which arrived from a distance on the night before the interment was sould Lord Reaconabled had been marriage to make the marriage and the means he then had a lower to the wash flower the marriage bunch of the cornhill.

The had was young too, at that time, and very fair, let husband was Disraeli's most intimate friend, and she knew that his advice had always been to forego the marriage in consequence of her well-known high spirit and uncertain temper. But what man in love ever listened to a friend's advice ! The pair were married and was the temper with a man in love ever listened to a friend's advice! The pair were marri

An old man who had been badly hurt in a alread cellision, being advised to sue the company for railroad collision, being advised to said to the company damages, said: "Wal, no, not for damages, I've I enough of them; but I'll just sac 'em for remain."